melancholy if you will fauour the man. But by my head 'tis pride: but why, why, let him shew vs a cause?

Nest. What mooues *Aiax* thus to bay at him?

Vliss. *Achillis* hath inueigled his foole from him,

Nest. Who *Therſites*? *Vliss.* He.

Nest. Thē wil *Aiax* lack matter, if he haue lost his argumēt.

Vli. No you see he is his argument, that has his argument *Achilles*.

Nest. All the better, their fractiō is more our wish then their faction, but it was a strōg compoſure a foole could disunite.

Vli. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily vnty,
Heere comes *Patroclus*. *Nest.* No *Achilles* with him.

Vliss. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for courtesie,
His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me say he is much sorry,
If any thing more then your sport and pleasure
Did mooue your greatnesse, and this noble state,
To call vpon him. He hopes it is no other
But for your health, and your disgestion sake,
An after dinners breath.

Agam. Heere you *Patroclus*:
We are too well acquainted with these answers;
But his euasion winged thus swift with scorne,
Cannot out-flie our apprehensions,
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him. Yet all his vertues,
Not vertuously on his owne part beheld,
Doe in our eyes begin to lose their glosse,
Yea like faire fruite in an vnwholsome dish,
Are like to rott vntasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speake with him, and you shall not sinne,
If you do say, we thinke him ouer-proud
And vnder-honest, in selfe assumption greater
Then in the note of iudgement. And worthier then himselfe
Heere tend the sauage strangenesse he puts on,
Disguise, the holy strength of their commaund,
And vnder-write in an obseruing kinde,
His humorous predominance; yea watch

His

His course, and time, his ebbs and
The passage, and whole streame of
Rode on his tide. Goe tell him thi
That if he ouer-hold his price so
Weele none of him. But let him
Not portable, lye vnder this repo
Bring action hither, this cannot g
A stirring dwarfe we doe allowan
Before a sleeping gyant. Tell him

Patr. I shall, and bring his ans

Agam. In second voyce weele
We come to speake with him: V

Aiax. What is he more then a

Agam. No more then what he

Aiax. Is he so much: doe you
selfe a better man then I am?

Agam. No question.

Aiax. Will you subscribe his

Agam. No noble *Aiax*, you
wise, no lesse noble, much m
more tractable.

Aia. Why should a man be pr
I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your minde is the cle
fairer, hee that is proud eates
owne glasse, his owne trumpet
what euer praises it selfe but
deed in the praise.

Enter Vli

Aiax. I do hate a proud man
of Toades.

Nest. And yet he loues hims

Vlis. *Achilles* will not to th

Agam. Whats his excuse?

Vliss. He doth relye on none,
But carries on the streame of h
Without obseruance, or respec
In will peculiar, and in selfe a